

JANE WHITAKER SAYS REBELLION IS COMING, BUT IT WON'T BE A FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY JANE WHITAKER

On a day like this, when all of the out-of-doors is calling to us, we wonder why we are chained in stores and offices, how this system of working ever came into existence.

The legend of the creation of the world reads that two people were placed on earth, a man and a woman. That they were given equal right to the things of the earth, and that neither of them toiled.

And the Bible tells us that when these two disobeyed God He cursed them by forcing them to labor. Yet modern Christianity has forgotten that labor was the curse of God and they preach it to the poor as their salvation.

For centuries after this curse was placed upon us man labored for himself, and the first indication of the birth of the greed-thirsty capitalist came when the lust of battle found place in the heart of man.

The wars in those days were rarely based on vengeance and never for liberty. They were based on a greed to possess without the toil of labor.

And that is still the slogan of the capitalist, the greed to possess without the toil of labor, and the wars of our primitive ancestors were no more bloody than are the wars of the capitalist upon the working class today.

They grind you down lower and lower as their greed increases and sometimes I wonder if the primitive wars, where at least the victims were slain and thus quickly put out of misery, weren't more merciful than the slow torture of today.

As the victors waxed wealthy they took unto themselves great pride. They looked upon those who were their slaves with contempt. Yet the victors weren't quite sure that they held the high positions in the minds of the slaves they wanted to hold, for not so long since they had been slaves themselves.

So they set about to inspire fear in the hearts of those beneath them. "Obey us or we will chop off your heads." "Bow to our dictates or your life pays the forfeit."

Today the cry is: "Do as we say or you lose your job." And that often means an even worse punishment than the loss of a head.

The slaves bowed and pride grew still greater in the hearts of the victors. They began to liken themselves to the God. The world was

theirs. Glutted with conceit and degenerated with idleness they defied the Creator and indulged in vile pleasure that their empty hours might be filled. And the toilers labored all day and looked on in sullen defiance.

And then came the French revolution, brought about, so history tells us, by the extravagance of Madame DuBarry, mistress to the king.

DuBarry, like the victors and like the capitalist today, came out of the lowest stratum of the people. She was a milliner's apprentice and errand girl and her father was a drunkard.

But her beauty attracted the attention of the king, and with the money taken from his subjects he showered attentions upon this waif of the streets. He married her to a dissolute nobleman that she might be titled, and then he made her his mistress.

And DuBarry was profligate with wealth. The people murmured low but ominously, and she laughed. Finally they cried in desperation outside the castle: "Give us bread, we starve."

And DuBarry, child of the people asked: "What noise is that?"

"The people cry for bread and they have none," a courtier explained.

"If they haven't bread, let them